

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 961

Unbelievable

She ignored the urging of the customers behind her as she tasted the ravioli.

The next instant, she froze on the spot.

It was something that she had never tasted before.

It was just a simple ravioli, but the taste was rich and beyond imagination. Not to mention, the sauce was so delicious that she could not stop eating.

Without a doubt, it was the best ravioli she had ever eaten.

To put it more precisely, it was the best food she had ever tasted so far.

Ravioli should be a bad choice on such a hot day. Yet, it's so delicious.

"Wendy." Arielle knocked on the table and reminded her. "Please make way for the customers behind you."

Wendy did not hear clearly what Arielle said as she was still amazed by the taste.

"Wendy!"

Arielle raised her tone, and Wendy finally regained her senses.

Wendy locked her eyes on Arielle, overwhelmed with envy.

How could she make such good ravioli? Is she really better than me in all aspects?

"Are you leaving or not?" Arielle furrowed her brows. "If not, I might need to call someone to send you away."

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Biting her lip, Wendy put down the bowl and left miserably.

"What a waste!" Terry stared at Wendy's bowl, which was still full of ravioli. "Can I order another one?"

"No way," Arielle responded mercilessly. "You've already had three bowls. Please give others a chance as there's not much left."

Terry was left with great disappointment.

As soon as Wendy left, Susanne showed up.

She went to the restroom. However, since it was after school, all the restrooms were crowded. Thus, she spent a long time waiting for her turn.

Susanne did not go to Wendy's stall right away, but she stopped by Arielle's stall first.

Seeing the crowd at the stall, Susanne was left befuddled.

Why do so many people like to eat ravioli?

Right then, Arielle suddenly announced, "Everyone, I'm sorry. The ravioli is sold out. Thanks for lining up for so long. Sasha, please treat everyone a drink."

"Okay. Please follow me for those who line up but cannot buy ravioli." Sasha waved her hand. With that, the crowd left one after another in great disappointment.

As the crowd dispersed, Arielle spotted Susanne right away.

She immediately greeted the latter while bringing out a bowl of ravioli.

"Mrs. Nightshire, I've reserved one portion for you. I made it myself. Please have a try."

Susanne displayed an awkward expression as she took the bowl with her hands.

She noticed the remaining crowd staring at her as she lifted her head. To put it more precisely, they were staring at the bowl in her hands.

She could not wrap her head around it. "What's going on?"

Those students shook their heads, murmuring while they left. "She's so lucky."

Susanne was left even more puzzled upon hearing that. With that, she took a spoon of ravioli and blew it gently.

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A Change In Her Attitude

The look is not bad, and the sauce looks appetizing as well. But I wonder what it really tastes like.

With that in mind, Susanne felt amused by herself.

It's just ravioli. How else could it taste like?

Shaking her head slightly, Susanne put the spoon into her mouth.

The next moment, her whole body got stunned by the heavenly taste.

Right away, she understood why those students made such comments before leaving.

Indeed, she felt so fortunate to be able to taste the ravioli.

It even made her recall the moments when she used to eat ravioli with all the family members while her husband was still alive. Unfortunately, it was all memory now.

In an instant, she felt like crying.

"Mrs. Nightshire, how's the taste?" Arielle enquired with a smile.

Susanne tried hard to recollect herself as she spoke elegantly, "It's not bad."

After making that dishonest comment, Susanne lowered her head and continued eating, not daring to look Arielle in the eyes.

The ravioli was so tasty that she almost forgot her eating manners.

Soon, she put the last ravioli reluctantly into her mouth.

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Just then, she bit onto something hard in her mouth.

She was shocked as she immediately spat it out. A coin fell into the bowl.

Just when she wondered why there was a coin, a clapping sound came from behind her.

She looked to the source of the clapping sound and saw Arielle smiling.
"Congratulations, You've got the lucky ravioli."

"The lucky ravioli?"

Upon hearing that, Blake ran over with excitement. "Wow! You're so lucky! There's only one coin among one hundred portions!"

Blake had never got in touch with Vinson's family. Thus, he did not know Susanne's identity.

Sasha, on the other hand, knew about Susanne. However, she had brought the customers to get their drinks, so there was no one to remind Blake.

Blake continued to speak, "Aunty, could you please give the coin to me?"

"Give it to you?" Susanne looked somewhat puzzled. "It's just a coin. Plus, I bit on it. Do you want it?"

"Yes." Blake's eyes lit up with passion. "Ms. Moore says this is the lucky ravioli! Whoever got this coin will get lucky for the whole year!"

"I see..." Susanne met Blake's eyes, and she suddenly shook her head. "No way then. I should keep the good luck to myself."

Blake was stunned momentarily and left unhappily.

Looking at Susanne's gesture, Arielle suddenly felt she did not know the former. Why would she fight over a coin with a kid?

As Arielle was left bewildered, she saw Susanne take the coin from the bowl and wipe it clean with her handkerchief. Then, the latter passed it to her.

"Mrs. Nightshire?" Arielle could not comprehend what the latter meant at all.

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What A Silly Girl

Susanne lifted her hand toward Arielle, her expression somewhat awkward. In her hand, it was the coin that she had wiped clean.

Seeing Arielle freezing on the spot, Susanne furrowed her brows. "What are you waiting for? Take it?"

Arielle took the coin with a surprised look. "Are you giving it to me?"

Susanne nodded, her face devoid of expression. "Aren't you having an exam tonight? Take it with you. You can return it to me after you're done."

A sense of joy spread throughout Arielle.

"Thank you, Mrs. Nightshire." Her voice slightly trembled.

Upon hearing that, Susanne pursed her lips. "I'm only borrowing you the luck for one night. I'm not giving it to you. Please don't waste it. If you fail to answer tonight, I'll hold you responsible."

Arielle straightened her back and let out a laugh.

"I know. But, thanks anyway, Mrs. Nightshire."

Susanne turned her face away. "I've said I'm only borrowing it to you. There's no need to thank me. If you want to thank me, don't embarrass me tonight. Please answer the question well."

"Okay." Arielle nodded firmly. "I got it!"

"Got to go." Then, Susanne spat out her last words and left abruptly.

As she turned around, her lips curled into a smile naturally.

Da*n! She acts like I'm giving her one hundred million! How could she be so touched? What a silly girl!

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Susanne sneered while walking toward Wendy's stall.

Arielle stared at Susanne's back figure for a long while as she left.

She did not know why Susanne would suddenly change her attitude toward her. However, it seemed she was not that difficult to get along with.

Instead, she had a lot of similarities with Vinson.

They would not hold back when they disliked someone. Nonetheless, they did not know how to express themselves when they like someone.

What a prideful family they are.

After a while, Arielle regained her senses when Blake came out and shouted in shock. She shifted her gaze toward Blake and saw him staring at her coin with a confused look.

Arielle questioned, "What's wrong? Blake?"

Blake pointed at the coin in her hand. "She refused to give it to me, but she gave it to you? How did you do that?"

Arielle joked as she was in a good mood, "Maybe it's because I have a pretty face."

"Hmph!" Blake sneered and then nodded. "Indeed. I've never met someone prettier than you."

"What?" Arielle smiled. "Have you just had honey? Your words are so sweet!"

"I'm just stating the truth."

"All right." Arielle touched Blake's head gently. "Sasha is not back yet. Let's wrap up the stall and check our revenue."

They sold out ninety-nine bowls, not counting Susanne's portion. Many customers paid an extra fifty after buying for a second time, saying it was for charity.

As she was busy serving the customers non-stop, she did not have the time to count the money.

At that moment, Wendy's stall was still deserted.

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You Cannot Help Me

Wendy went back to her stall. Before Cecilia could ask why Wendy went for so long, the latter bawled her eyes out.

“Boo...hoo...”

Cecilia’s heart skipped a beat as she immediately held Wendy’s shoulder.
“What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Arielle...” Wendy choked on her words.

Tears rolled down her cheeks uncontrollably as she thought of the treatment she got at Arielle’s stall.

“Don’t cry. Tell me what happened. I’ll help you.”

“You can’t help me!” Wendy pushed Cecilia away. “You know nothing!”

Cecilia’s heart fell with a thud. She could not recall Wendy ever talking to her with such a tone.

“Wendy, don’t worry. There’ll always be a solution to everything. Now, tell me where have you been? What happened to you?”

Wendy bit her lip tightly, trying hard to clear her thoughts.

She took a deep breath. “Arielle got a lot of customers over there. Her ravioli is priced at fifty per portion.”

“Fifty? Is her ravioli made of exotic meat?”

“No, she just uses ordinary ingredients.” Wendy shook her head.

“Then, she’s obviously robbing! My cookie uses all the top-quality ingredients. Not to mention the butter, even the flour is imported. And look at these packaging. I hired someone to customize them. How could an ordinary ravioli cost the same as our cookie?”

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Wendy let out a bitter smile. “But, her ordinary ravioli tastes better than what I’ve eaten in a high-end restaurant.”

Cecilia was stunned momentarily.

“It’s just ravioli. How good could it taste?”

Wendy expressed honestly, “It’s so good that I feel like eating it again now.”

Cecilia’s eyes went wide with shock. “Is it that good?”

Even though Wendy did not want to admit it, she had no choice but nodded. “Yes.”

“How could it be...” As Cecilia was speaking, she spotted Susanne walking toward them.

She immediately lowered her voice and reminded Wendy. “Let’s keep this between us. Don’t let Susanne know about it. And let’s stop her from going to that b*tch’s stall.”

“I know.”

Finally, Susanne came to Wendy’s stall.

She noticed the amount of the cookies was still about the same as before she went to the washroom. It seems like their sales are really slow.

Susanne did not know why but she felt somehow happy seeing Wendy doing badly.

Nonetheless, she was smart enough not to show her feeling on her face.

She pretended to question, “Why haven’t you sold most of the cookies?”

Cecilia displayed an embarrassed smile. “Maybe we price it too highly. Initially, many people bought it. But after we raised it to fifty, the customers became less.”

Susanne nodded upon hearing that. She merely asked that out of courtesy. In truth, she did not care why they could not sell their cookies.

Susanne deliberately asked, “Wendy, have you been to Arielle’s stall? I heard it’s delicious. Do you want to go with me?”

Wendy exchanged a look with Cecilia and uttered, "Mrs. Nightshire, I was there just now."

"Were you?" Susanne was slightly surprised. "Then, how did it taste?"

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Last Chance

Susanne's intention was simple. She wanted to give both Arielle and Wendy the same chance.

It was the perfect opportunity for her to test if Wendy was an honest person or a cunning one.

For her, a person's heart was more important than one's capabilities and background.

She would never want a daughter-in-law who was mean and wicked.

Without a doubt, this would be the final chance Susanne gave for Wendy.

Yet, the next moment, Wendy shook her head firmly. "She uses the most ordinary ingredients, yet she sells at fifty per portion. It was the most average ravioli I've ever eaten. I think it is slightly overpriced."

Susanne's smile disappeared as she asked composedly, "Then, what are the restaurants that you have been to for ravioli?"

Wendy did not know why Susanne asked such a question. She replied after thinking for a while, "In Jadeborough, I've tried the ones in Jadeborough Hotel. It's also average, but it's much better than Arielle's ravioli."

Upon hearing that, Susanne let out a long sigh.

It turned out Wendy failed to pass her test after all.

She had tried the ravioli in Jadeborough Hotel before, and it was not comparable at all with Arielle's ravioli. Evidently, what Wendy said was a pure lie.

Susanne did not know if she should be disappointed or relieved.

They are indeed mother and daughter. Wendy is just like Cecilia. How could I be so blind and think Wendy is a good choice?

“I see.” Susanne nodded and faked a smile. “If it’s that bad, I won’t go and buy it then.”

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Wendy heaved a sigh of relief upon hearing that, but still, she felt rather uneasy.

It was a strange feeling, but she could not ignore it.

Around half an hour later, the flea market finally ended. The teachers started going around the field and instructed everyone to start demolishing their stalls.

In this half an hour, Wendy did not sell a single box of cookies. It was probably because someone posted that the stall belonged to Wendy, the nutcase. That someone even attached Wendy’s photo in the post.

Even though many students in the school heard about Wendy, they did not know what she looked like. Since Wendy’s photo was exposed, no one would go to visit her stall surely.

With that, Wendy’s sales revenue was only eight hundred. There was no way she could get a prize.

However, Wendy was no longer interested in the prize.

When Susanne was ordering her bodyguard to reserve a restaurant nearby, Wendy whispered to Cecilia. “Mom, I feel that something’s not right.”

“Something’s not right? What is it?” Cecilia could not wrap her head around it.

“It’s Mrs. Nightshire. I feel that she is more distanced than ever. And when I said Arielle’s ravioli tasted bad, I could sense that she was laughing at me.”

“How could that be? Even if you’re not her best choice for daughter-in-law, it wouldn’t be Arielle, that bast*rd. The Southalls are done for, and she is the daughter of the late Maureen with another man. Do you think Susanne will let someone like her marry into her family?”

“No, but...”

“All right. Stop overthinking. Let’s wait and see Arielle being embarrassed in public when she fails to answer the exam tonight!”

Wendy nodded upon hearing that. Maybe I'm being too sensitive.

Meanwhile, Arielle finished counting her revenue, five thousand six hundred in total.

Everyone on the spot was startled when she handed that money to the student council.

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Does She Miss Me

It was three thousand higher than the second place.

As such, the prize of the charity flea market went to Arielle.

Of course, Arielle did not care much about the prize. She did not even know about the prize until Trisha told her when the latter went to submit their earnings.

As she remembered Teddy would surely be unwilling to accept her money anymore, she hoped she could help them via this method.

After pondering for a while, Arielle questioned the student council, "May I ask if I can make a direct donation?"

"No," The student council replied in a friendly tone. "We're collecting the revenue from the flea market only. But, if you want to donate to the kids, there's a charity auction that you can join tonight. Well-known alumni will come back to donate items for the auction. You can bid for those items. All the auction money will be donated."

The student council paused and lowered his voice. "Plus, I heard Mr. Nightshire is coming too."

Arielle was stunned momentarily. "Vinson? Is he from Jadeborough University? I thought he's from Maxwell University..."

"He was here for his first year. After that, he went to Maxwell University."

Arielle nodded and displayed a smile. "He won't come."

"Why?"

It is because he's still working in Horington.

Of course, Arielle did not answer honestly. "Thanks for telling me. I got it."

With that, she walked out of the student council office with Trisha.

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Looking at the blue sky outside, Arielle let out a long sigh.

It had been two days since she last saw Vinson. She quite missed him, and she wondered when he would come back.

Trisha showed a puzzled look after seeing Arielle sighing. "What's wrong? Arielle, aren't you happy with the prize? They said you'd broken the record of the best sale revenue of the flea market."

Arielle wrapped her arm around Trisha's shoulder and smiled. "You came so late. There's no more ravioli for you. Let me take you for something nice."

"Great!" Trisha displayed a genuine smile, hiding her sorrow perfectly.

She was still bothered with her exam result.

Little did she know that Arielle noticed her emotions completely.

On the other side, in Horington, Vinson closed the proposal and scanned through all the business partners of Epea. "The above are all my plans for this project."

As he finished his sentence, the whole room exploded into applause.

"Vin." A blonde guy praised him generously, "You're the most talented man I've ever seen in the business world."

"Thanks a lot." Vinson smiled slightly. His tone remained dignified. "So, can we sign the contract now?"

"Of course, of course!" The man immediately signed the contract without hesitation.

Under the witness of their lawyers, the signing procedure was completed smoothly. It meant that Nightshire Group's business had spread throughout the whole Chanaea.

Their next step was to expand to the whole world.

A moment later, Vinson instructed the person in charge of the branch office to keep the contract, and then he opened his mouth. "Let me bring you guys to see the site, and then I'll send you guys to the airport."

After seeing the site, I will be able to go back to Jadeborough. I wonder if she misses me. However, I doubt so as she is usually heartless.

With that in mind, Vinson felt a little disappointed but happy at the same time.

Just when they arrived at the site, Vinson received a piece of news.

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Overthinking

"Vinson, you asked me to investigate about the Greenes. I've sorted all the information and sent it to your email."

"Okay. Thank you for that."

"It's my job." The person in charge of the branch office was thrilled after being thanked by Vinson personally.

"Have you booked my flight?"

"Yes. The flight is at five in the evening. After accompanying them to check the site, you should rush to the airport. The timing should be just right."

"Okay, I got it." Vinson nodded while opening up his email.

He read through the email roughly and forwarded the content to the deputy captain of Specialized Forces. Then, he copied a few vital information and sent them to Rayson.

Before long, Rayson made a call to him. "Mr. Nightshire, what's with the email you've just sent me?"

"It's the Greenes. Please have all the media publish it at seven tonight."

"Okay! I got it."

Vinson hung up the phone and caught up with the pace of those business partners.

Seven o'clock was the most active time for social media. And he should be landing at Jadeborough around that time too.

How dare the Greenes offend my woman? It would be your end tonight. There's no way you could escape if I want you dead. You'll all regret offending me.

The sky in Horington was still cloudy even after a heavy rain, which was most probably a bad sign.

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Back in Jadeborough University, the afternoon classes carried on like usual after the flea market.

Arielle did not go to class, but she went to the archive again.

There were only two stacks of the information left. One afternoon should be enough to finish reading all of them.

After finding the man in the photo, she would no longer need to come to Jadeborough University. After all, it was such a waste of time to keep coming to school. With that, she figured she had to speed up her pace.

She went to the vending machine and bought a coffee. After freshening up, she went back to reading all those pieces of information.

Meanwhile, Donovan went into the classroom and responsively glanced at Arielle's seat.

She's skipped class again. Initially, she would still send a message to inform me. But now, she's becoming worse. Even though she managed to get a place for Maxwell University's enrolment exam, it doesn't mean she will pass the exam. She must be out of her mind! It isn't a place that anyone can go to.

The students from the preparatory class were the finest in Chanaea. Even so, he could not guarantee the five candidates that he recommended would pass the exam for Maxwell University.

Thus, there's no way Arielle would make it, certainly not through cheating.

With that, Donovan stopped thinking about Arielle. "Please take out your morning paper. Professor Sleight is busy, so I'll take over the afternoon class. I'll be teaching you guys physics and chemistry."

He started explaining the questions, which most students answered wrongly.

Little did he know that Wendy had spotted his expression while gazing at Arielle's empty seat.

It looks like Mr. Baxter has a thing for that b*tch. He must be suffering for not being able to get Arielle. With that, I'm sure he will give her a hard time. Surely Arielle will not be able to answer his questions tonight.

Wendy's lips curled into a smile as she opened her paper and listened to Donovan's lecture attentively.

The afternoon ended in the blink of an eye, and the charity gala was about to begin.

At the same time, the exam for Maxwell University enrolment for the normal class was also starting soon.

Before the test, Arielle went to see Jared.

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The Pill

Jared turned off his phone and got ready to enter the exam room. He was surprised and somewhat confused after seeing Arielle.

"Chief! Are you here to support me?"

Arielle shook her head. "No, I was just passing by."

She was about to finish reading the information in the archive, but she suddenly thought of Jared, so she immediately rushed over there.

Jared's expression darkened upon hearing that, but he saw Arielle smiling. "I'm joking. I came here to see how you're doing."

Jared was stunned momentarily. "Chief, please don't joke with me. I'm not used to it."

Arielle felt somehow offended by his words.

Am I really that bad at joking?

She shrugged her shoulders helplessly. "All right. I come to tell you to relax before the exam. Henry said that you were so nervous that you couldn't sleep for the whole night."

Jared bit his lip upon hearing that. "D*mn that Henry. He's got a big mouth."

Arielle looked into Jared's eyes. "Not only Henry, but I've also heard from Carter too. Ever since your brother got into trouble, you've been stressed and wanting to do something for the Jupiters. I assure you that your brother will recover in no time. Don't give yourself too much pressure."

Jared stared at Arielle. His flustered heart slowly turned calm.

"I got it." He nodded slightly. "I'll take it easy."

Arielle nodded and then took out a tiny bottle from her pocket.

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"I almost forget. I came here to give you this." She poured out a green pill from the tiny bottle.

"What's this?" Jared asked right away.

"I heard that you didn't even have your breakfast and lunch. It is to replenish your energy."

Jared nodded and swallowed the pill without any hesitation.

If it were others who gave him a pill suddenly, he would have even called the cops.

He was unsure if it was a psychological effect, but he felt much better after taking the pill.

The exam was about to begin. Arielle did not want to bold Jared back as she waved toward him. "Go in then. Take it easy."

"Okay!" Jared lifted his head and walked into the exam room.

Arielle stared at his back figure, her gaze extremely complicated.

She did not tell Jared that not only would the pill replenish his energy, but it would also improve his concentration.

The pill was meant for Trisha. But Trisha did not need it in the end as Arielle had enough time to perform hypnosis on her. Thus, she gave the pill to Jared.

The exam for the normal class was different from the preparatory class as it was a combined paper. They would be taking all four subjects in one paper, and the exam would last for three hours.

It was indeed exhausting to keep concentrated for such a long hour.

Jared, who did not even take breakfast and lunch, might not even hold on to the end.

With his talent and the help of the pill, Arielle was confident he would be able to secure the only slot for the normal class.

However, when Arielle was about to leave, Jared suddenly rushed out.

"What's wrong?"

She saw Jared bowing toward her the next second with his hands folded. Then, he ran back into the exam room again.

Arielle was stunned momentarily, displaying a helpless smile.

As the bell rang, the exam for the normal class started, while the charity event kicked off too.

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Bad Student

The charity gala was held in the auditorium which was spacious enough to easily accommodate all students on campus.

Marcus was personally hosting the event, and students began entering the auditorium in an orderly manner according to their courses.

Arielle had just returned to the library's archive at the time.

There weren't many files left to go through, but Arielle still couldn't find the one belonging to the man in the photograph with her mother after scanning through all the files on the lecturers' background information.

What's going on? Why can't I find his file?

Right as she felt lost, a phone call came in with Josiah's name on the caller ID.

Josiah was the main reason Arielle had participated in the international chess tournament. As he was very close with her mother, he had also seen that man before.

Arielle was surprised to see him calling and quickly answered the phone. "Hello, Mr. Doyle!"

"I remember now, Ms. Moore!" Josiah exclaimed excitedly on the other line.

Arielle felt her heart skip a beat when she heard that. "What do you remember?"

"That man you asked me about. I remember what he was doing in Jadeborough University! He was a professor sent from Maxwell University to give a seminar."

Arielle's eyes lit up instantly. "Maxwell University?"

"Yes. I'm sure you'll find some clues about him if you head over to Maxwell University."

"Understood, thank you so much! You've been a great help!"

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“Oh, it was nothing! I was attending a seminar on chess today and just happened to recall this detail. I’m sorry it didn’t come to mind sooner.”

“Don’t worry about it. It’s not too late now.”

“I’ll leave you to it, then.”

“Okay, I’ll treat you to a meal someday!”

“Instead of a meal, we should play some chess instead. I’ve improved a lot lately!”

“Sure thing!” Arielle then ended the call with Josiah after a couple more exchanges.

“Maxwell University, huh…”

That was when Arielle finally understood why she couldn’t find that man’s files in the archive.

Of course… He isn’t a lecturer here at Jadeborough University, to begin with! Maxwell University just sent him here to give a seminar! Looks like I’ll have to make another trip to Maxwell University, then!

Meanwhile, Trisha had been waiting for Arielle at the entrance of the auditorium. She tried giving Arielle a call, only to see that Arielle’s line was engaged at the time.

“Why are you standing out here, Trisha? The event is about to start,” Donovan asked with a frown when he noticed Trisha in the back.

“Arielle isn’t here yet. I’m waiting for her over here so she can easily see where our classmates are seated,” Trisha explained.

Donovan’s frown deepened when he heard her mention Arielle.

“No need to wait for her. You should head on inside.”

As his tone was stern, Trisha could only bite down on her lip and do as told.

She had only taken a few steps when Donovan called out to her again, “Hold on, Trisha!”

Trisha stopped in her tracks and turned around in confusion.

“What is it, Mr. Baxter?”

Donovan stepped forward and said solemnly, “There’s something I need to remind you of.”

“Please, go ahead.”

“You got a sixth place in this exam. Thing is, you only scored a few points lower than the five students before you. I believe Arielle is the one who cost you those few points. Being friends with a student who skips class that often will only lead you down the wrong path. I think you should stay away from bad students who skip classes and cheat on exams.”

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Sowing Discord

Donovan looked her in the eye as he continued, “Now, I’m not trying to restrict your freedom to befriend people. This is just a friendly reminder that people are influenced by the company they keep. There is nothing to gain from being friends with Arielle.”

As Trisha was an obedient student, Donovan believed she would know what to do after hearing that.

However, Trisha raised her voice as she replied with red and puffy cheeks, “You’re wrong, Mr. Baxter. I wouldn’t even make it to the sixth place if it weren’t for Arielle’s help! She has always been helping me out a lot and never once hindered my progress. If anything, I’m the one who has caused her trouble lots of times. Also, Arielle didn’t cheat in the exam! I know that for a fact, so I can assure you she didn’t cheat!”

Donovan was surprised by the sudden outburst from Trisha who was usually as quiet as a mouse.

Arielle must’ve rubbed off on her! People sure have a tendency to pick up bad habits a lot easier than good ones!

With that in mind, Donovan’s expression grew cold as he said, “Looks like your judgment is really clouded. Think, Trisha. How could a student who skips class all the time score full marks in the exams?”

Trisha clenched her fists tightly and shouted, “She just can!”

“Trisha!” Donovan raised his voice too as he continued, “I won’t argue with you now because I know you won’t listen. No matter, I’ll just publicly ask her some questions later! You’ll see just how well she actually performs!”

Trisha gritted her teeth in anger, only to hear Donovan whisper in her ear all of a sudden, “We have five spots for our course this time, and you’re in the sixth place. She will be treated as a cheater if she fails to answer my questions, which will grant you her spot in the top five. You should be supporting my decision here, Trisha.”

Trisha froze and stared blankly at Donovan as she asked, “Is it really appropriate for you to do this, Mr. Baxter?”

Donovan tensed up upon hearing that, but Trisha continued anyway, “Arielle is a lot more likely to make it into Maxwell University than I am. Besides, you came up with this preparatory class because you wanted your students to get into Maxwell University, didn’t you? Why are you so against Arielle?”

Donovan didn’t take too well to Trisha’s tone and the look in her eyes.

How dare she imply that I’m deliberately picking on my students?

“You’re just as hopeless as Arielle! Now, go inside!” he said with a frown.

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Terrified by the icy-cold tone of his voice, Trisha went pale and quickly entered the auditorium.

That’s it. I’m going to up the difficulty level of my questions for Arielle later! For the last question, I’ll go with a further mathematics question instead of a quantum mechanics question, but I’ll make her answer it with three different solutions! I was planning on using that question in my thesis, but I could only come up with two solutions for it. There’s no way Arielle could possibly come up with a third one if I can’t!

Donovan thought to himself as he looked at Trisha from behind.

As he was about to enter the auditorium, Arielle’s voice could be heard from behind him.

“Sowing discord among your students, Mr. Baxter? Heh, I didn’t know you had such a nasty hobby!”

Donovan felt a chill down his spine and turned around, instinctively clenching his fists as he met Arielle’s cold gaze.

As much as he hated to admit it, Arielle had a much more domineering and powerful aura than he did.

That hidden feeling of humiliation slowly brought out his rage as he muttered through clenched teeth, "Sowing discord? What are you talking about? A bad student like you doesn't deserve to be in Jadeborough University! In fact, you should just stay away from everyone!"

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